

The Return of D. H. Lawrence

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of British law sufficiently uncomfortable to suppress some of Lawrence's work under the excuse of a supposed obscenity. And despite Lawrence's brilliant explanation—in his essay "A Propos of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover'"—as to the cleanness of this novel, it has no legal existence, except in bowdlerized editions, in Anglo-Saxon countries where authentically dirty literature flourishes.

LEGAL hypocrisies such as these account for some of Lawrence's dislike of civilization, though no matter how much he loathed and avoided the society of cities he never turned against life itself. "Once be disillusioned with the man-made world," he wrote in 1926, "and you see the magic, the beauty, the delicate realness of all the other life." When thwarted in his attempts to locate these qualities Lawrence could fly into spectacular rages. Because these momentary blow-ups make for more sensational reading in memoirs and biographies than notations of his hours of gentle friendliness or of his vigorous industry that produced so many full-bodied books before his death at forty-four, the impression has persisted that Lawrence wrote in anger. But his writings, charged with his acceptance of life in the face of every disappointment, are not those of a hater but a lover. And in his most vehement sincerity he is never very far away from fun, and even his autobiographical characters often appear in a humorous light.

Lawrence was without self-pity: the most miserably placed of his characters, the Paul Morel who in "Sons and Lovers" relives many of the wretched experiences of Lawrence's own youth, never cries out against circumstance. What little bitterness occurs in Lawrence's work is in the "Pansies" and "Nettles" verses written toward the end of his life, and many of these are affirmative or merely humorous. It should be remembered that, during those same years, Lawrence wrote his remarkable prose novel "The Escaped Cock," and the poems "Bavarian Gentians" and "The Ship of Death," all of these among his finest work. But if his writings disprove the canard that he was humorless and bitter, they also show the untruth of statements to the effect that he had no mind, that he was an uneducated man incapable of citizenship in the world of ideas, or that his advocacy of "blood-knowledge" made him an "anti-intellectual." His essays such as those on pornography, on American literature, and on the relations between men and women show how skilfully he could handle ideas—and if these essays here and there sprout idiosyncrasies that vex the reader, at least they discourage him from drowsing.

But Lawrence's work cannot be discussed, even briefly, without tangible presentation of at least a little of it. As a specimen of Lawrence's writing, consider part of "Mercury," a travel sketch of a visit to the Mercuriusberg above the Black Forest. On this hill where the Romans had placed a votive statue to the god an abrupt violent thunderstorm frightens a group of tourists and kills two of the funicular attendants. As the people huddle together on the veranda of the restaurant in the storm-darkness, "suddenly the lightning dances white on the floor, dances and shakes upon the ground, up and down, and lights up the white striding of a man, lights him up only to the hips, white and naked and striding, with fire on his heels. He seems to be hurrying, this fiery man whose upper half is invisible, and at his naked heels white little flames seem to flutter." This Blakean figure crossing from darkness to darkness, this Mercury of fire, gives us a small sample of Lawrence's ability to create and set an image in motion, to project symbols, and to penetrate beneath the skin of experience. Even this tiny fragment of his writing (with "the continual, slightly modified repetition" he noted as characteristic of his prose) suggests some of the magic of all the rest of it, including not only the

bright travelogues that take us across our world, but also the portraits—with their pictorial animation and inward intensity—of birds, beasts, and flowers. And this writing gives us the people of Lawrence's stories, the colliery and farm families of "Sons and Lovers" and the earthbound and upward-looking Brangwens of "The Rainbow" who, in its sequel "Women in Love," contend with industrialists and intellectuals in episodes of great dramatic and symbolic force. These are not stock "characters," but men and women caught up in a larger life in which the "interrelatedness of all things flows and changes and trembles like a stream."

Most good modern writers make full and deep demands upon our sensibility and our intelligence. That Lawrence made such a demand, critics and public have in the main been slow to recognize. He was once read for the wrong reasons, when the innocent sexuality of his work was a nine-day's sensation, and then he was forgotten for a time. A dawning understanding of what Lawrence said and an appreciation of the way in which he said it have at last brought about his return from the shadows.

LAWRENCE IN PRINT

"Sons and Lovers." Harper & Bros., Modern Classics edition, 95¢. Random House, Modern Library edition, \$1.45. New American Library, paperbound, 35¢.

"The Rainbow," Random House, Modern Library edition, \$1.45.

"Women in Love," Random House, Modern Library edition, \$1.45.

"Studies in Classic American Literature," Doubleday and Company, Anchor edition, paperbound, 65¢.

"The Plumed Serpent," Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$3.75.

"The Man Who Died," New Directions, \$1.75.

"Pornography and Obscenity," Alicat Bookshop Press, \$1.

"Selected Poems," New Directions, \$1.75.

"Sex, Literature, and Censorship," Twayne Publishers, \$3.

"Lady Chatterley's Lover" (expurgated), New American Library, 35¢.

"The Later D. H. Lawrence," edited by William Y. Tindall, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., \$5.

"The Portable D. H. Lawrence," edited by Diana Trilling, Viking Press, \$2.50.

"The Lovely Lady," New American Library, 25¢.

"Little Novels of Sicily," by Giovanni Verga, translated by D. H. Lawrence, Grove Press, \$3.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 612

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 612 will be found in the next issue.

KPXZ HSLZ GKPW GKSQ

OKSBZOG, OAZPR DZOO

GKPW GKSQ RWSBZOG.

GKZ CPLE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 611

Busy souls have no time to be busybodies.

—Anonymous.

Votes, Wizards, Roads and Bread

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India had by then the largest irrigated area in the world and a railway system ten times the length of China's.

Something more important than this material progress was going on at the same time. A French traveler who was in India from 1831 to 1833, Victor Jacquemont, a man with a lively enquiring mind, often a sharp critic of the English, a radical in French politics, wrote: "Some officials desire the Government to apply itself to the task of elevating a polished literate educated class . . . They say openly that English supremacy in Asia cannot be eternal, and that it is a duty to humanity to prepare India to govern herself . . . If I thought that English schools would hasten the end of English power, I would certainly close them, for I have a deep-rooted conviction that no national government would secure the inhabitants the benefits they owe to English government—peace, both external and internal and equal justice for all." And here is what one of those officials said, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Governor of Bombay in 1823: "If we endeavor to depress the natives, by denying them education, our empire, being unconnected with the people, will be overturned either by foreign conquest or by revolt. It is better for our honor and our interest, as well as for the welfare of mankind, that we should resign our power into the hands of the people for whose benefit it is entrusted." The Government in India agreed with their officials, not with Jacquemont, and steady progress was made in education and in putting power into Indian hands. The first grant from public funds for education was made in India thirteen years before such a grant was made in England. In 1849, in one province out of nine, over 45,000 judicial cases were tried in the first instance by Indian judges, only twenty by British; appeals, however, still lay to British judges. Police officers, collectors of land revenue, magistrates were Indian and slowly—too slowly I think—the highest posts of all were also being opened to Indians.

But there is another side to this. Napoleon, who should know, said that in war the moral is to the material as three to one; in peace, the proportion certainly ought to be higher. Material progress and a respite from the anxiety of war create the right conditions for a critical inquiring spirit. And India had had a long spell of peace, during which education in

Western ideas, in the literature of revolt, had built up a spirit impatient of control—just as the wisest of her English rulers had expected. No one likes being ruled by other people. Everyone wants a change sometimes. And a change was needed. By the twentieth century India was beginning to outgrow the colonial system and required quite different treatment; the long restful holiday had done its work and now the time had come for massages, tonics, and stimulants. This is no century for benevolent, aloof foreign administrators, deeply considerate for sectional interests and reluctant to tread on anyone's toes; India now needed rulers of her own people who would be ruthless with the deepest evils, caste and child marriage, who would complete the process of jostling her out of her long sleep. But if we in England had at this stage—say in 1909—applied to India the lessons of the Potomac in 1774, she would have tottered on her legs like an invalid newly risen from his bed. "Suppose we attained . . . self-government, would that, without purging our many social diseases, convert us into a united Indian nation?" asked Pandit Moti Lal Nehru, father of the present Prime Minister, in 1909. English and Indian alike agreed in those days that there must be some transitional stage.

BUT that stage did not work out in practice as either had imagined. The



English, in the successive reforms of 1909, 1919, and 1937, saw themselves handing over power gradually, and benignly imparting instruction to someone willing to learn. They pictured themselves giving Junior his first lesson in driving an automobile. "This is the way, my little man," they had thought of themselves as saying. "You steer, but I keep one hand on the wheel. And I keep hold of the brake and the throttle." But few Indians saw it that way, and the upshot was a struggle for the wheel, wild zig-zags to and fro across the road. It was, however, a struggle that developed muscles, courage, and determination; India became a nation and the English, who had cast themselves for the part of the kindly, bumbling uncle found that Divine Providence had altered the script and given them instead the less rewarding role of a moral mustard-plaster—useful because it provokes a sharp reaction.

India went through her colonial period, got her roads, canals, railways, judges, doctors, and her incomparable army. And it is worth remembering that the struggle, even at its height, was an oddly family affair, in which individual Englishmen and Indians remained friends—even when one had sent the other to jail. In the Second World War India, without conscription, formed an army of over 2,500,000 Indians, I believe the largest voluntary army ever raised in the world's history. Men do not volunteer to fight for a rule in which they see nothing good. And to 350,000,000 Indians there were never more than 5,000 British administrators; the normal strength of British troops was 45,000. So little force was needed because most Indians acquiesced in a rule they did not find intolerable.

In 1947 some 750 English left the top grade of India's civil service, leaving 540 Indians to carry on. The grade below, who supplied all but the highest posts, both judicial and administrative, numbered between six and seven thousand and were all Indian born. The material to run the country was there, ready trained. And India had been irritated and inflamed by foreign domination into a thoroughly healthy reaction, stung back into reluctant life. She is now a nation—and a nation on the whole friendly to the West. There are more civilian Englishmen there today, in business or as advisers, than ever there were in the days of British rule. Any Englishman today is sure of a friendly welcome in Delhi; more friendly if he belonged to the old service. And how does India stand in the world today beside China, a peo-

ple as ancient, as intelligent, more numerous, a people who did not come the colonial way? Which is the better governed? Is colonialism always an evil or can it sometimes be like going to school—a process any high-spirited boy resents but one he comes later on to know was for his good?

ON THE West Coast of Africa, as in India, it is all a question of timing. Keep the boy at school too long and he loses heart; let him leave too soon and he is spoilt, because he has won the key to the front door too easily. If India really gained stature by having to struggle for her nationhood, it may be that the pressure was relaxed too soon for the Gold Coast. Or it may be better to give in good time. I cannot speak of the West Coast with first-hand knowledge and I frankly do not know; all the same, my guess is that the Gold Coast or Sierra Leone will both stand comparison with Liberia—which, again, did not come the colonial way.

The lesson of the Potomac is to give self-government quickly to the man on the spot. But how do you apply that lesson on the Zambesi? Who gets the vote? Europeans only? Those

who don't believe in witches? Or everybody? And if everybody, who is going to build the roads and man the machines? Will Europeans stay as so small a minority—one to twelve in Southern Rhodesia, one to a hundred in the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland? We all agree that the transition has to be made; colonial rule, like father's rule, is something everyone grows out of. While it lasts it is a trust; prolonged beyond the right date it becomes a dreary and soulless frustration. But the timing, difficult enough where there are no resident Europeans, is far more complex where there are.

My own belief is that in Africa colonialism has still a job to do. People of Caucasian stock will be needed for some time to come to bring out the best in the African, to help him to get the best from himself. They will be needed as something to measure up against; sometimes perhaps they will be an irritant, an obstacle, and a stimulus; sometimes they will be friends, counselors, and advisers. In each territory Africans will have to win their nationhood on different terms; where

there are Europeans, one may hope it will be in partnership with their brains, energy, capital, and experience. Of only two things can one be certain: the path from colonialism to whatever takes its place will be hard, and the task of the colonial power is by no means one to be envied.

It is much more complicated on the Zambesi. I talked last month to a Yao chief in Nyasaland who himself took part only fifty years ago in raids on neighboring tribes to get slaves. The Yao would swoop down, take the cattle and as many human beings as they could, burn the village. The slaves, and any ivory they had saved up, they would trade for guns and cloth with Arabs who came from the East Coast. Businessmen can usually be relied on to take care of their stock so long as it does not consist of human beings. But the slave trade seems to demand a shell of callous brutality that overpowers greed; on the journey from Central Africa to the Coast the Arabs spilt human life as recklessly as Spanish, English, and American slavers spilt it in the Atlantic. The slave trade was altogether evil.

The big game of Central Africa falls into two great divisions, the eaters of flesh and the eaters of grass; there is a similar division among the tribes. The Matabele, the Lozi, the Bemba, the Yao, the Angoni lived a hundred years ago by raids, by taking slaves and cattle annually from the eaters of grass. For these latter the utter disaster of a raid was never far away; for all the tribes famine was always close; all—though in varying degrees—went in fear of witchcraft and its consequences. And there are still witches. "No one here believes that there is such a thing as natural death," a native commissioner in Mashonaland told me last month. Every death is due to witchcraft but today it is forbidden to smell out a witch, to inquire into every sickness or accident by an orgy of divination from which in the past torture usually followed—torture, death, and still more agonizing fear.

Slavery is beaten; against witchcraft we are winning; disease and famine have suffered sharp reverses. In Southern Rhodesia today, those Africans who follow the advice of the Native Affairs Department get on an average five times as many bags of maize to the acre as they used to; their average—but whisper this—is higher than on some European-owned farms; their best is twenty-eight bags to an acre compared with an average on unimproved African holdings of one and a half bags.

But it is uphill work. In Northern Rhodesia, an agricultural expert told

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE CASE OF THE GLAMOROUS GHOST <i>Erle Stanley Gardner</i> (Morrow: \$2.75)	46th Perry Mason yarn finds old master still tangling with tough cops, pompous DA, shifty clients.	Now-you-see-it-now-you-don't technique; court scenes not up to usual.	Not tops, but he's still ESG.
THE PAWNS OF FEAR <i>Jason Manor</i> (Viking: \$2.75)	Gentle Pvt. Eye Summers collides with Red anti-Reds; FBI lends hand.	Cast limited and authentic; pace fast when let; high IQ.	Nice going.
THE DREAM WALKER <i>Charlotte Armstrong</i> (Coward-McCann: \$2.75)	NY actress flies to Colo., Cal., D.C., Me., as plotters smear park-bench VIP.	Highly-contrived job sparkles in spots, lags elsewhere; love conquers all.	<i>Grace aux dames.</i>
THE CHARKA MEMORIAL <i>Wallace Ware</i> (Crime Club: \$2.75)	East European envoy to US, tagged for one-way ride home, hunts escape hatch in DC, NY.	Starts strong, but pace flags; good writing fails to compensate.	He'll beat this one.
DEATH WEARS A MASK <i>Douglas G. Browne</i> (Macmillan: \$2.75)	Village air-raid drill looses horses, violence; Harvey Tuke, Yard lawyer, smells rat.	Coincidences help, but pleasant yarn is deftly fashioned, nicely written.	For puzzle addicts.
TEACH YOU A LESSON <i>Jim Hollis</i> (Harper: \$2.50)	Amorous high-school facultyette conked; staff, pupils, cops mill around.	Stream-of technique slows pace of story that tenses at many points.	Keep <i>your</i> kids out of <i>this</i> school.
QUEEN'S BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION <i>Ellery Queen</i> (Little, Brown: \$3)	Punchy shorts, 18 strong, give Queens, <i>père et fils</i> , chance to strut stuff in NY, DC, etc.	Crisp, sharp handling, plus snap-whip endings, make this one a winner.	Prime goods.

—SERGEANT CUFF.